

Doctor's Orders by Xanthe



Story archived: <http://www.xanthe.org/doctors-orders/>

Story Notes:

This story was written for the **Atlantiskink** kinkathon. The prompt was: "I ~~have a desperate need~~ for would like McBeckett, with Carson as the Dom. Spanking's hot, being tied to something's just as good, and I sure as hell wouldn't mind Forceful!Carson. In a good way, not in a rape way."

Warning: This fic was written for a kinkathon so, needless to say, it's kinky! There's lots of dominant!Carson sex, some light bondage, and some spanking. Please don't read if that squicks you.

I was working to a deadline here during an insanely busy time in my Real Life so there might be some technical details about the city that I've got wrong. I DID do research but couldn't find an answer so I've invented some stuff. I don't think it's important to the overall story though.

Many thanks to: the sparkly pink Bluespirit for usual fabulous beta :-)

This story is now available as part of an anthology of my

stories published in zine form under the title Breaking the Rules from: <http://www.agentwithstyle.com/>

This story won best kink story (other pairing) in the **Stargate Fan Awards, 2006**



<http://www.xanthe.org/images/Awards/DoctorsOrders.jpg>

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It started with some sarcasm.

"No, Carson," Rodney snapped, rolling his eyes for the benefit of the entire senior staff gathered in the room. "We can't do that because, as I thought I'd already explained, we only have two back up generators and they'd be hard pushed to power the entire city. So your suggestion is ridiculous – oh, unless you actually wanted to work, and I use the term loosely in the case of those voodoo arts you practice, in the dark for the next three weeks – in which case your suggestion is very helpful. Next question please."

"Rodney – take it easy. Carson was only trying to help," Elizabeth admonished gently as Carson sat back in his chair, looking winded by Rodney's scathing attack.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you wanted your brilliant scientist to fix the latest crisis, not waste his time finding tactful ways to explain why stupid suggestions won't work," Rodney told her irascibly. The 'latest crisis' in question was one in a long line of technical glitches that had been plaguing the city for the past week and he'd been working on them non-stop – or that was what it felt like – and still hadn't managed to uncover the underlying reason for all the problems. He was tired, cranky and hadn't slept in two days and having to attend these endless briefings where people ten times less smart than himself, with no experience

whatsoever in mechanical engineering, seemed to think it was okay to make various technical suggestions just on the off chance that the resident genius had missed something, was driving him insane.

"There's no reason why you can't fix the city *and* be nice to people at the same time, Rodney," Sheppard pointed out.

"Well, my brilliance only stretches so far. We can't all be good at everything," Rodney replied. "Now, if you'll excuse me."

He got up and stalked out of the room. He was surprised to hear footsteps running up the hallway after him because he thought he'd made it quite clear that they should keep out of his way and he refused to turn around in case that gave his follower the entirely wrong impression that he was receptive to more of their inane, so-called 'help'. The transporter opened as he got to it and he stepped inside, hoping to be able to disappear before the person running after him reached it - but they were too fast and he turned to find Carson hurtling into the transporter through the closing doors.

"Come to offer me more of your very valuable medical expertise in solving a mechanical engineering problem, Doctor?" Rodney asked irritably, his voice dripping sarcasm.

"No, Rodney, not at all. You put me in my place back there," Carson said, and then he slammed his hand against the transporter door mechanism, locking it, and turned to Rodney, an intent look in those blue eyes of his.

"What the hell are you...?" Rodney began, but he didn't get a chance to finish that sentence because Carson suddenly advanced on him, pushed Rodney against the wall, and placed a hand over his mouth.

"Mnph?" Rodney said, struggling to push the other man away and finding that Carson was surprisingly strong, with a very solid body, and was doing an extremely effective job of pinning him against the wall. Rodney's eyes widened as Carson undid his belt, and then his fly, and he gazed at the other man in shock.

Carson rested his hand on Rodney's fly and paused, and Rodney stared at him, torn between outrage and arousal. That last took him by surprise, but there could be no denying the physical evidence. Carson could feel it too, and he grinned at Rodney.

"D'you want me to stop, Rodney?" he asked in that deep Scottish voice of his. Rodney thought about it for a moment, and then groaned and shook his head. He wasn't sure how long it had been since anyone other than himself had touched his cock and his body was sparking into life at the sensation. Carson grinned, those blue eyes of his flickering with an expression Rodney had never seen in them before. Carson kept his hand over Rodney's mouth, his solid body pressed against Rodney's to keep him against the wall, and he never took his eyes off Rodney's face as he slid his hand down the front of Rodney's boxer shorts and took his hard cock in his hand. Rodney leaned back against the wall but despite the fact that he was entirely acquiescent and compliant, the doctor didn't release his pressure on

Rodney's body and kept him pinned there as he worked on him. His hand was firm and he seemed to know exactly what he was doing as he expertly massaged Rodney's hard penis with deft strokes from his skilful fingers. Rodney wasn't sure what was exciting him most – that he was being pinned, helpless, against the transporter wall, that Carson's hand was pressed so firmly against his mouth, keeping him quiet, or the fact that it was Carson himself who was doing this to him. Carson, the doctor, who wouldn't say boo to a goose; Carson who was everyone's sweet-natured friend, a sort of big brother figure to them all, kind and sensible and totally harmless.

Rodney came with a shudder of release and Carson held his cock until he was done, then tucked it back into his boxers, zipped up Rodney's fly, and then, finally, removed his hand from over Rodney's mouth. Rodney felt sure there were a hundred different things he should say right now but for the first time in his life he was literally speechless. He watched as Carson fished a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped Rodney's come off his hand, and then Carson turned to the transporter control panel and pressed the location nearest to the infirmary as if nothing had just happened, while Rodney gazed at him in stunned amazement the whole time.

"What...the hell was that about?" Rodney finally managed to say. Carson turned to him and smiled.

"You seemed a little stressed, Rodney. I thought that would help," he said, which, as far as Rodney was concerned, explained absolutely nothing.

"What?" He gazed at Carson blankly. "Have I missed something here? Is that your form of stress relief for all your patients, Doctor? Because if it is I have to say it's highly unethical."

"Don't be daft, Rodney," Carson told him firmly, giving him a very steady stare that held such weight of meaning that Rodney found himself wilting, and he dropped his gaze to his feet, flushing slightly, feeling ashamed of his inference. The transporter door opened a second later and Carson flashed him a brief smile, and then left. Rodney gazed after him, utterly mystified by what had just happened...but he felt more relaxed than he had done in days and when he went back to work he was humming softly to himself under his breath.

Atlantis was a city both elegantly simple and mind-bogglingly complex and Rodney spent the next day and a half trying to get the systems working properly again. It should have been simple – Rodney could recite the city schematics in his sleep – but somehow he couldn't get everything working at the same time. If he got one system up and running, another one would fail somewhere else. It was like spinning plates, and he found himself charging around the city all day long, going from one system interface to another, just to keep the basic city functions working. He snatched some sleep here and there, but the pace of his life was starting to take its toll, and his patience was worn to a frazzle. Rodney worked late into the night in his lab, trying to get to grips with whatever was causing the malfunctions. He really felt as if he was missing something very simple here, but whatever it was eluded him. It was shortly after two a.m. when he heard the door open behind him.

"Busy!" he shouted, holding up what he hoped was a suitably forbidding hand in the

expectation that whoever it was would go away.

"Just me," Carson said, ignoring the hand and coming over to him. "You're up pretty late, Rodney. You do have to get some sleep at some point you know."

"Oh thank you for that entirely unsolicited medical opinion, Doctor," Rodney snapped, not taking his eyes off the screen he was working on. A second later he felt a firm hand wrap itself around his arm and then he was yanked around in his chair to come face to face with the doctor.

"Just so you know," Carson said, in a pleasant tone, kneeling down and pushing Rodney's thighs open with his hands. "Next time you're sarcastic to me like that, I might very well wash out your mouth with soap and water."

"Wha...?" Rodney began, but he lost track of what he was going to say because next thing he knew Carson had unzipped his pants, released his cock, and wrapped his mouth around it. "Oh shit," Rodney whispered, as his cock was enveloped in all that warm, wet heat, his hand coming to rest on Carson's head. Carson's gelled black hair felt stiff and slightly crunchy under his fingers, and he stroked it absently as Carson sucked him like he'd never been sucked before. Carson's mouth was as skilled as his hands and Rodney watched, fascinated, as his cock disappeared between those tightly stretched lips, in and out, back and forth, the gentle pressure around his cock making him quiver with pleasure. "Oh god, oh god, OH GOD!" Rodney screamed and then he gave a yelp of disappointment as Carson's mouth left his cock. Carson got up, drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and stuffed it into Rodney's astonished mouth. Then he knelt back down again and proceeded to give Rodney the blow job of his life. It didn't even occur to Rodney to remove the handkerchief – all his blood had rushed south and there was only a little left in his brain for basic life support, certainly not enough to allow coherent thinking. He felt his balls contract and then he was coming down Carson's throat, and all the while Carson was holding him down, his hands pressed against Rodney's thighs, keeping him in place. Rodney lay there, dazed, while Carson lapped at his cock with his tongue, cleaning him up, and then the doctor got up, zipped up Rodney's pants, and, finally, removed the handkerchief from his mouth and stuffed it back into his pocket.

"I hope that wasn't the handkerchief...you know...from the other day," Rodney hissed.

"It wasn't," Carson informed him pleasantly. "And, you're welcome."

"Oh. Thanks," Rodney said, flushing, somewhat ashamed to be called on his lack of manners. "That was...well...pretty damn good."

Carson smiled at him again. "You're looking tired, Rodney," he said. "It's time you went to bed."

Rodney glanced at his open laptop, but the schematics could have been written in Wraith for all the sense they were making to him right now, and some of the numbers appeared to be dancing up and down on the screen in front of him.

"You could be right," he sighed, yawning. "I'll just finish up here and then..."

"Now, Rodney," Carson said insistently.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize that you'd been appointed my..." he began irritably but Carson interrupted him.

"Soap and water, Rodney," was all he said, in a warning tone. Rodney stared at him. Right now, he wasn't entirely sure that Carson wouldn't follow through on his threat to wash out his mouth with soap and water, and, frankly, having found out how strong his friend was after being pinned against a wall by him, Rodney was pretty sure Carson would be more than able to carry out his threat.

"Who are you and what have you done with my friend Carson Beckett?" he demanded grumpily, turning off the laptop and getting to his feet.

"He's right here, Rodney, and he's going to walk you back to your quarters and make sure you get some rest," Carson told him. Rodney felt as if he was half asleep already as they walked back to his room and when they got there he threw himself straight down on the bed, unable to even face undressing. He thought he was vaguely aware of Carson removing his boots, and covering him with a blanket, and it seemed to him, although he wasn't sure if he dreamed it or not, that Carson bent over him, pressed a kiss to his forehead, and whispered, "Good night, love," before turning off the light and leaving the room.

Rodney got a great night's sleep and wandered around the city whistling loudly for two whole days afterwards. Not that it solved their problem, and systems seemed to be breaking down all over the city, but still...he felt cheerful. By the third day the glow had worn off, and by the fourth he felt about ready to kill anyone who talked to him. He couldn't get that blow job or that little kiss out of his mind. It seemed to him that he was working himself into the ground and achieving nothing and he was losing heart, but what was bothering him most of all was that he really wanted to feel Carson's hands and mouth on his body again but the doctor hadn't visited him or followed him once since that night. Rodney thought he might explode if he didn't get a little more of that 'stress relief' soon but he wasn't entirely sure how to approach the matter so he bottled it up until finally, after one of the main system conduits blew up spectacularly in his face just after he'd finished repairing the damn thing, he gave up in disgust and stalked over to the infirmary. He found Carson in the small, windowless side room that he sometimes used as an office, and barged in, slamming the door shut behind him. Carson looked up from the large pile of papers and medical journals on his desk, a surprised expression on his face.

"We need to talk," Rodney told him.

Carson leaned back in his chair and steepled his fingers together, gazing at Rodney thoughtfully.

"About what happened the other day," Rodney said. "Well, the other two days actually. We

really need to talk about it."

"Take off your shirt, Rodney," Carson told him.

"Because it seems to me that whatever this situation is that we've got going between us...uh...what?" Rodney floundered, suddenly processing Carson's command.

"You didn't come here to talk. Take your shirt off," Carson told him. He got up, went over to the door, locked it, and then returned to his chair and sat down again.

"Did you tell me to take my shirt off?" Rodney asked. Carson nodded.

"Twice actually. Don't make me ask you again."

Rodney gazed at him suspiciously for a moment. "Why?" he asked finally. "Are you going to examine me? I mean, yes, a conduit did just blow up in my face but beyond a singed eyebrow I seem to be fine and I really don't think I'm in need of any of that witchdoctor voodoo right now so..."

"It's not a medical exam, Rodney. I'm going to play with you," Carson told him. Rodney's cock made a frantic leap in his pants, belying any notion on Rodney's part that this might not be what he wanted. "If you don't want me to play with you then by all means, unlock the door and leave. I have a whole pile of work here as you can see, and as the power keeps flickering on and off it's taking me awhile to get through it all," he said, pointing to the mass of papers stacked up by the computer on his desk.

"Well I'm sorry about the power but it's not as if I haven't been working on the problem for the past ten bloody days," Rodney growled.

"Are you going to take off your shirt or are you going to leave?" Carson asked him, ignoring his rant.

Rodney took a deep breath – then sank his fingers into the hem of his tee shirt and dragged it over his head. "Good lad," Carson beamed. He gazed at Rodney dispassionately for a moment and Rodney stood there, feeling stupid, but unsure what to do next. "Turn around," Carson motioned with his finger. Rodney glared at him.

"Oh for god's sake..." he began.

"I said turn around," Carson interrupted firmly. "Now please," he added in a pleasant but no-nonsense tone of voice. Rodney thought about it for a moment, wondering what his options were. He could put his tee shirt back on and leave. Or he could refuse again but this Carson seemed really different to the one he worked with in his everyday life and he wasn't entirely sure what would happen if he did that and he didn't want to risk it when the possibility of hot sex was on offer, so finally, reluctantly, he turned around. "Hmmm, okay," Carson said, when he'd done a full circle. "I'm sure we can work on the attitude but that'll do for today. Now, come here." He beckoned with his finger and Rodney's heart did a little

leap of anticipation in his chest. He went over to the doctor's chair and Carson took hold of his wrist, and pulled him down bodily onto his lap so he was sitting with his legs to one side, facing him.

"This feels stupid," Rodney commented, feeling unsteady on Carson's broad thighs. He wasn't a lightweight and he was far too big and too old to be sitting on someone's lap.

"Quiet please," Carson ordered, as he wrapped an arm around Rodney's waist to keep him still, and then he reached out one finger and gently stroked Rodney's chest. Rodney felt as if his skin was tingling all over from that touch and he took a sharp intake of breath. "You have lovely soft skin, Rodney," Carson told him, stroking him from just beneath his chin down to the top of his pants.

"Oh god," Rodney sighed, holding onto Carson's solid shoulders.

"Do you like this?" Carson murmured as he continued to gently run his fingers up and down Rodney's chest.

"Mmmm," Rodney whispered.

"How about this?" Carson pressed a kiss to Rodney's bare flesh, and then traced a wet line with his tongue along Rodney's collarbone.

"Oh god yes," Rodney moaned.

"And this?" Carson flicked out a tongue and lapped gently at Rodney's left nipple and Rodney felt as if sparks had ignited throughout his entire body, rendering him speechless. "Oh yes," Carson murmured. "I think you really like this." He continued to tongue Rodney's nipples for the next few minutes, teasing each of them into tantalizing points, caressing them lazily with his lips, squeezing and sucking until Rodney thought he was about to sail away on a wave of pure pleasure. He felt Carson's hand undo his fly, and disappear into his boxers, and then he was being jerked off in time to the rhythmic movements of those soft, insistent lips on his nipples. He came with more force than he had in a very long time and then hung against Carson's neck apologetically.

"Sorry," he murmured. Carson laughed, and slid his hands around Rodney's bare back and held him tight.

"Silly bugger," Carson said affectionately. He held Rodney there for a few minutes until Rodney's post-orgasmic haze faded somewhat, and then he guided him off his lap, and onto the floor. "On your knees, Rodney," he ordered. Rodney went down, looking up at Carson questioningly. The doctor opened his thighs and pulled Rodney between them, then unzipped his fly and released his cock. Rodney gazed at it, licking his lips hungrily. Carson had a thick, meaty cock, complete with foreskin, and it was hard and pulsing right now, and Rodney was suddenly filled with longing to touch it. "Suck me, Rodney," Carson urged and Rodney looked up at him uncertainly for a moment and then nodded and lowered his head. It had been a long time since he'd taken another man's cock in his mouth and his

movements were clumsy, but he loved the earthy, musky scent of Carson's thick cock as he slid his lips around it. Carson wrapped his hand in Rodney's hair with a sigh and began thrusting his hips back and forth as Rodney sucked him. Rodney leaned forward and placed his hands on Carson's solid thighs, but Carson tightened his hand in his hair. "Hands behind your back, please, Rodney," he ordered. "Just use your mouth." Rodney found himself obeying, even though it made his task more difficult, but there was something so raw, so basic about just using his mouth to bring Carson pleasure. With his hands behind his back it was almost as if he was bound, and only had his mouth with which to perform this task to Carson's satisfaction, and that gave him a tiny thrill of pleasure so he went about his task with even more gusto. He felt Carson's balls contract, and Carson's hands tightened in his hair again and then the other man was coming down Rodney's throat with a little gasp of pleasure. Rodney swallowed him down, wincing slightly from the unfamiliar and almost forgotten taste, and then sat back.

"That was very nice, thank you, Rodney," Carson told him, his long, surgeon's fingers caressing Rodney's jaw affectionately. He leaned forward and deposited a tender kiss on Rodney's forehead and Rodney felt a little surge of warmth spread through his belly.

Carson tucked himself back into his pants, zipped up his fly and then got to his feet. "You can get dressed now, Rodney," he said, and Rodney didn't even realize that he'd been kneeling there, waiting to be told what to do next. He went back over to where he'd discarded his tee shirt, in a haze, feeling happy and boneless, his mind buzzing with the post-sex high. He got dressed and then turned – to find Carson opening a stock cabinet and pulling out a tube. "Here," Carson handed the tube to him. "It's lube," Carson told him, gazing at him, those blue eyes of his searching and just a tiny bit amused. Carson leaned forward, so that his lips brushed Rodney's ear. "Just so you know - next time I'll want to fuck you, Rodney," Carson murmured directly into his ear, the warm breath tickling him. Rodney felt his stomach do a somersault at that. "Have you ever been fucked up the arse before?" Carson asked, in that same warm voice, the Scottish tones sounding rich and inviting to Rodney's befuddled mind.

"I...uh...no," Rodney whispered numbly. "Just hand jobs and blow jobs." And those had been a pretty long time ago as well, back when he'd been in college. He'd imagined it to be just a phase at the time, and had certainly always been interested in women, but he'd never had sex with anyone that felt as good as what he'd done with Carson. He wasn't sure whether that was because of the sex itself, because of how incredibly dominant Carson was during sex, or whether it was because of the very fact that it was Carson he was having sex with. Carson was his closest friend on Atlantis, the person he always turned to when he wanted to complain about any aspect of his life, the person he liked and trusted most...maybe he hadn't been paying attention when those feelings of friendship had morphed into something more.

"Well, think about it," Carson told him. "It's up to you – but if that's what you want then remember to bring the lube with you next time."

"Couldn't we just stick to what we've been doing?" Rodney asked, unsure how he felt about this. One part of him was tingling with anticipation to know what it would feel like to be

fucked by Carson's thick, hard cock, while another part of him was already running for the hills screaming at the very idea.

"No, Rodney, we couldn't," Carson told him firmly, with a twinkle in his blue eyes. "You see, you have a very fine arse, and it would be a criminal waste if it wasn't fucked. I would be absolutely honoured to be your first, and I can promise you I'd make it a very good experience for you but of course it's your choice. I'm just telling you what I want and if you want the same thing then that'll be very lovely. Although what we've been doing has been very nice, I could never be satisfied with only having part of you. I am, as you've discovered, something of a bossy boots when it comes to sex, and I know exactly what I want."

Rodney gazed at him, trying to process all this. He'd known the doctor for two years, and had never guessed that the man was like *this*.

"You're surprised. I can tell," Carson grinned.

"I...it's just that...out there...you are not at all..." Rodney pointed with his finger in the general direction of the infirmary, lost for words.

"I know." Carson shrugged. "Sex just makes me bossy. What can I say? And sex makes you adorably compliant so I think we're a good match. Now run along and fix those systems, Rodney. I've got work to do."

Rodney slipped the lube into his pocket and turned to go. He needed to think about this.

"Oh, and Rodney..."

The scientist paused, just as he got to the door.

"Next time you call my work voodoo, I'll very likely tan your hide for it."

"What?" Rodney turned, startled.

"I'll spank you," Carson smiled at him, that cheerful, pleasant smile, as if he wasn't saying anything outrageous at all. "And implicit in the term 'voodoo' is also 'medicine man', 'witchdoctor', and any other term of belittlement that springs to those beautiful and yet oh so crooked and sarcastic lips of yours, my love."

"Spank me?" Rodney croaked, his throat having suddenly gone dry.

"Hard. On your bare arse," Carson confirmed with a little nod. "I'll put you over my knee to do it. I've got an extremely hard hand, Rodney, so you'd be sure to feel it, and I wouldn't like to rule out using a slipper or hairbrush either, so you might want to watch yourself."

"And why," Rodney bristled, trying to muster all the dignity he possessed, "would you assume I'd let you spank me?" He wondered why his cock seemed to be remotely interested in this conversation but it had started stirring again in his pants. He ignored it, manfully.

Carson grinned at him.

"For the same reason you let me jerk you off in the transporter, and blow you in your lab, and suck your nipples here today, Rodney," he said, with a little chuckle in his voice. Rodney had no idea what that meant, so he turned on his heel, unlocked the door, and left.

That tube of lube burned a hole in his pocket for the next few days while Rodney considered Carson's proposition. Rodney carried it around with him wherever he went, which was pretty much all over the entire city because every single system in the damn place seemed to be taking a malicious pleasure in blowing up, winking out, or just taking itself offline for no reason whatsoever that Rodney could see. It was getting harder and harder to fix them all and keep the city running and Elizabeth called another emergency meeting to discuss the crisis.

Rodney turned up late, tired and irritable after walking up seventeen flights of stairs because the main conduit on the transporter he needed had gone up in a puff of smoke just when he'd pressed in his destination.

All the other senior staff were gathered there by the time he arrived, and they all looked at him with wary expressions when he stomped in, unsure what kind of mood he was going to be in. It pained him also to see the lack of faith in their eyes. He'd had over two weeks to solve this problem and had so far failed dismally. He could see that his reputation for brilliance was taking something of a battering and that **hurt**. It was the single most important thing he had to recommend him, in the absence of the kind of personal charm that he so envied in people like Colonel Sheppard – or even Carson himself. Everyone loved the good doctor after all, with his worried frown, and concern for others, and caring nature. Rodney saved his fiercest glare for Carson as he entered the room, for no reason other than he had a tube of lube in his pocket, distracting him from the job in hand – not that he'd been making much progress before, but still, it seemed a good enough reason to glare at Carson. And also, it simply wasn't fair that everyone thought that Carson was so sweet natured and adorable when Rodney knew he was the kind of man who pinned hapless scientists against the wall and ordered them to remove their shirts, and who deployed a whole array of threats for bad behaviour, ranging from mouths being washed out with soap and water to full blown spankings. So, for all those reasons, Rodney glared at Carson, who gave him that sweet, uncertain little smile in return – the one that Rodney had become very familiar with over the past two years but which he now considered to be a total lie. The man was a raving sex fiend who had cruelly taken advantage of him in a time of weakness, and who liked ordering people around with the flair and ease of a practiced megalomaniac. It simply wasn't right that everyone should think he was gentle and unassuming, damnit!

"So, Rodney – where are we at?" Elizabeth asked him.

"If by that you mean have I fixed the city then the answer is patently and obviously, no," Rodney snapped at her.

"Okay. We had figured that out," Elizabeth replied. "But do you have any idea at all what's wrong?"

Rodney sat down with a heavy sigh and leaned back in his chair, feeling bone-weary and despondent. "No, Elizabeth, I have no idea what's wrong – and you have no idea how completely it pains me to admit that," he told her.

"And you're sure it's nothing to do with the ZPM?" Sheppard asked.

"Utterly and completely sure," Rodney replied. "Maybe I need to explain this again, for the, oh I don't know, seven hundredth time, but there is no problem with the power source. The ZPM is working fine but the power isn't getting through consistently to the systems that run the individual functions of the city – such as lighting, and heating and computers and long range scanners and all the other day to day systems we use. Does everyone understand now?"

"Is there anything in the Ancient database that might give us some kind of clue as to what the problem is?" Carson asked, those blue eyes of his wrinkling up in concern.

"Oh my god! I never thought to look in the Ancient database!" Rodney exclaimed, before unleashing his most expressively sarcastic eye roll in the doctor's general direction. "Yes, I looked in the database, Carson," he growled.

"When did you last get any sleep, lad?" Carson asked softly, and the note of concern in his voice took Rodney by surprise.

"Uh...I really have no idea," he sighed. "In case you haven't noticed we're in the middle of a crisis here! I still haven't managed to get the long range scanners up and running – I've diverted all the working power just to keep the lights and heat going, so the Wraith could turn up at any second and we wouldn't know about it until they were knocking at the door. In the circumstances, sleep seems rather frivolous."

"Oh I don't know," Elizabeth said slowly. "Carson's right. It seems to me that you're much more likely to come up with a solution if you're rested, Rodney."

"I agree." Carson stood up. "Come on, Rodney, lad – you've done your best but anyone can see you're worn out. Let me settle you down for some rest and when you've had a good ten hours' sleep you can come to the problem afresh. I'm sure Radek can keep the city working in the meantime."

Rodney gazed around the room helplessly but he could see they were all in agreement with Carson and Elizabeth, and he had to admit that the idea of ten whole hours of uninterrupted rest *did* sound very appealing right now.

"Okay," he muttered ungraciously. "If you insist."

He got up, noticing that his limbs felt like lead as he followed Carson out of the door. He was so weary that he bumped into one of the walls in the hallway and Carson put a hand on his arm.

"Steady, son," he murmured, and he left his hand there, gripping Rodney's arm, to keep him walking in a straight line.

"You know, Carson, you're about the same age as me," Rodney pointed out hazily. "So I'm not entirely sure that 'son' is an appropriate epithet."

"Och, it's just a wee term I like to use, Rodney," Carson said, his voice sounding warm and amused in Rodney's ear. "Although I have to say that in your case you do behave like a child half the time so it doesn't seem entirely inappropriate."

"A child? Don't be ridiculous!" Rodney protested. "I'm an extremely brilliant and incredibly over-qualified astrophysicist!"

"With all the social graces of a ten year old boy," Carson told him. They reached Rodney's quarters and Carson opened the door. Rodney began walking towards the bed, but Carson swung him around and pushed him in the direction of the bathroom instead.

"Why are we...?" Rodney asked, but next thing he knew Carson had filled the basin with water and was lathering a bar of soap in his hand. Rodney backed away from him, wide-eyed, and found himself flush up against the wall, with nowhere else to go as Carson advanced on him, brandishing the soap. When Rodney opened his mouth to release a torrent of protests, Carson moved in fast and wiped the foamy soap unceremoniously on his tongue. "Ugh!" Rodney complained, spitting out the foul lather furiously. "Carson!" The doctor handed him a glass of water and he took a deep gulp. "That was disgusting!" Rodney yelled.

"I told you what would happen if you were sarcastic towards me again, Rodney," Carson said, removing the glass of water from Rodney's hand and pushing him back towards the bedroom, guiding him over to the bed.

"You...you are...you are NOT the person you pretend to be, Carson Beckett!" Rodney fumed as Carson sat him down on the side of the bed and started removing his shoes and socks. "Sitting in those meetings, all, 'Aye, Elizabeth, of course, Colonel Sheppard, och butter wouldn't melt in my mouth, Colonel Caldwell' shit!"

"Was that supposed to be a Scottish accent?" Carson's blue eyes looked extremely amused. "If so, it was terrible." He reached out and took hold of the hem of Rodney's tee shirt and pulled it. "Arms up now."

"Whatever!" Rodney snapped, raising his arms obediently anyway, allowing Carson to undress him. "I'm just saying – how come you are so sweet and nice out there and so insanely bossy when I'm alone with you, hmm? Which is the real Carson?"

"They both are, Rodney," Carson told him patiently, unbuckling his belt and unfastening his fly. "That's who I am most of the time, but this is who I am too, when I'm with someone I love and want to help, and who needs me to be firm with him because he is so completely

unable to take care of himself."

"Well that's insane! What would you do if I told them, hmm?" Rodney asked, waving his hands around frantically. "Hmm? What would you do if I went back out there right now and told them about the soap and how...wait a minute...someone you love?" he muttered, in a forlorn tone, gazing at Carson in surprise.

"Aye, that's right, Rodney," Carson told him, pushing him back down on the bed. "Now raise your hips. That's it." Rodney did as he was told, and Carson removed his pants and threw them onto a nearby chair. Rodney lay back on the bed and closed his eyes, feeling dizzy with exhaustion, and the doctor covered him with a blanket. Rodney was vaguely aware of Carson moving around the room, tidying away his clothes, and then the other man dimmed the light and returned to his side.

"That soap tasted really disgusting, Carson," Rodney complained, in a pained tone.

"I know, love," Carson told him softly. "But you've been hiding behind all that sarcasm for far too long. You don't need to use it to keep me at bay – you can trust me because I'll always take very good care of you," and then he surprised Rodney by sitting down on the bed beside him. "Now go to sleep. I'll stay with you for a bit, until you're sleeping." He put a hand on Rodney's hair and began stroking gently and Rodney thought that was the most peaceful sensation he'd ever felt and he started to relax and finally unwind. He only half woke up when Carson left an hour or so later, but he was sure he felt the doctor kiss his forehead, and murmur, "and all the sweet, clueless innocence of a ten year old boy too," before he fell back once more into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Rodney woke up several hours later feeling completely refreshed. He decided to stop trying to figure out the underlying cause behind all the glitches and instead spent the best part of a day writing a program that would get the systems back online automatically whenever they fell over which meant that he wouldn't have to keep running around the city fixing them all by hand – most of them could be repaired remotely by switching to a backup system and giving them time to cool down before bringing them online again. When he was done and the program went live, he sat back, feeling very pleased with himself. He decided that he needed to celebrate his own brilliance and found himself walking along the hallways to Carson's quarters. He found the doctor in his room, lying on his bed, reading a book. Carson put the book to one side when Rodney bounded in, and smiled at him.

"I am a genius," Rodney announced.

"Is that supposed to be a newsflash?" Carson asked, "Because if so, it lacks a certain impact considering you've been telling us that for the past two years. Non-stop."

"A-ha – but a prophet is not without honour save in his own country!" Rodney quoted at him.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Carson wrinkled up his forehead in a puzzled frown.

"It means that my genius has largely gone unrecognized and unappreciated here in Atlantis, but I will one day be feted far and wide for my brilliance and then you'll all be sorry," Rodney told him.

"I think we're all quite sorry already, but perhaps not for the reasons you imagine," Carson commented wryly, with a slight roll of his eyes. "Now, Rodney, you know we all think you are quite the smartest man in two galaxies, but right now I'm wondering when you're going to take off your clothes."

"What?" Rodney glared at him. "Why is everything always about sex with you, Carson? I mean, I came here just to share the very exciting news with you about the special program I devised to auto-fix the systems and all you're interested in is getting into my pants!"

"You've told me about the systems and we've celebrated your genius at some length now because you are, indeed, a man of exceptional talents, but that wasn't the reason you came here," Carson told him firmly. "Now – do you want to undress or shall I do it for you?"

"Hah. In the old days you and I used to just hang out and *talk*," Rodney reminded him. "You know, like good friends do. Now whenever we're alone together you *assume* that I'm only interested in you for the hot sex."

Carson grinned. "I'm glad the sex is hot for you, Rodney," he said. "And I'm very happy to just hang out with you if that's really what you want, but I have one question for you that might resolve the issue: did you or did you not bring the lube with you?"

Rodney flushed. "Yes – but that doesn't mean anything!" he protested. "I've had the damn thing in my pocket for days now – I just keep forgetting to take it out."

"Uh huh." Carson nodded. "Okay." He picked up his book again and started to read. Rodney stared at him, stumped.

"So...what are you reading?" he asked finally.

"Pride and Prejudice," Carson replied, not looking up.

"Pride and Prejudice?" Rodney wrinkled up his forehead. "Really? Isn't that a girl's book?"

"No, Rodney, it's a work of literary genius, considered by some to be the finest book ever written in the English language, and as such, anyone can read it, whatever their gender."

"But it's a romance right?" Rodney asked.

"Aye, Rodney, it's a romance which is partly why I'm reading it. I'm a romantic."

"Really?" Rodney frowned. Carson sighed.

"Yes, Rodney," he said in a world-weary kind of tone. "You must have realized this about me."

"Not really," Rodney said, although to be honest he'd never really considered the issue. Carson was just...well, Carson, until he'd stopped being Carson and turned instead into the scarily dominant sex fiend who always seemed to know precisely what Rodney wanted. "So..." Rodney gazed at the doctor for a long time. "Are we hanging out here or what?"

"No, Rodney, we're not hanging out here. We're waiting for you to make up your mind about whether you want me to fuck you or not," Carson told him patiently, still not looking up from his book.

"What? How the hell do you figure that out?" Rodney demanded.

"You came here wanting to have sex and now you're here you want me to tell you what to do and make it easy for you so it doesn't have to be your decision but I'm not and it is," Carson told him, fingering the corner of the page he was reading with one of his long, dexterous fingers. Rodney swallowed hard. "Although it might as well be now," Carson said, "because otherwise we'll only have to keep on having this conversation every few days until you *do* finally make up your mind, because, let's face it, we both know it's going to happen at some point."

Rodney felt his mouth go dry, and he sat down on the side of the bed, feeling oddly deflated and defeated. "I'm scared," he admitted quietly. Carson put his bookmark in the page he was reading and placed the book on the nightstand, and then he reached out and cupped Rodney's face between his hands.

"That's okay, love," he said softly. "Scared we can deal with. Denial is harder." Rodney gazed into those affectionate blue eyes and felt oddly comforted by what he saw in them.

"Your cock is really big, Carson," Rodney muttered. "There's no way that's not going to hurt."

Carson gave a little chuckle. "Well, first times can be a little painful, but it's also worth it," he said softly. "I'll take very good care of you, Rodney and I know exactly what I'm doing."

"That's another thing – what's with all the self-confidence about sex?" Rodney demanded. "I mean, you give hand jobs like an expert, you suck like an expert and I've no doubt at all that you fuck like an expert – when did you get to be so damn *good* at all this?"

Carson smiled. "I'm very fond of sex, Rodney. I like bodies and most of the time I only get to see them when they're hurting, so I suppose I've developed something of a fetish for coaxing pleasure from them to balance things out. Since I've been part of this expedition there have been a lot of situations when I feel completely out of my depth – and that's not exactly helped by the fact we're in a strange galaxy, half way across the universe from home. But bodies - bodies are the one thing I know – and I know them very well. They fascinate me - always have. I've suppressed the sexual side of myself since we arrived here,

partly because the work has been so demanding but partly, also, because I have quite specific tastes and nobody but you has interested me."

"Really?" Rodney was both confused and flattered by that comment. He could understand people being interested in his brain because they'd be idiots not to, frankly, but he was less certain why they'd be interested in his body, and still less sure why they'd care for him as a person.

"Really," Carson grinned. "I've wanted you for a very long time and held back because of the complications of our working situation. But when I saw you flailing around a couple of weeks ago, growling at everyone in sight and clearly needing release so much - needing to be held, and touched, and loved, so badly - well something inside me just snapped and I couldn't hold out any longer. And you've been everything I ever fantasized about, Rodney. I love the way you look when you come, the expression in your eyes when I'm touching you - you have the most expressive eyes, Rodney, you just can't keep anything hidden - well, you have no idea how arousing that is for someone like me, seeing someone take such obvious pleasure in what I can do for them."

Rodney gazed at him, utterly shocked that all this had been going on for Carson for all this time and he'd never known it.

"I can't promise it won't hurt, Rodney," Carson told him softly, gently stroking the side of his cheek. "But I'm not sure that's what's really worrying you. I think maybe you're more scared of what it means to let someone in. I can promise that it will be better than you could ever imagine but you have to find that out for yourself and the only way you can do that is by taking a risk."

Rodney sighed, still scared but knowing that he was going to end up doing this anyway, and just relieved that Carson seemed so sure of himself so at least one of them would know what they were doing. Carson smiled, sensing his capitulation, and then leaned forward and pressed his lips gently against Rodney's. It was the first time they'd actually kissed on the mouth and Rodney sat there for a moment, dumbfounded by all the sensations that were whizzing through his nerve endings. Kissing never usually did this to him, from what he could remember, although it had been a long time since he'd last kissed someone like this - as if it actually meant something. Carson's lips were firm and warm, somewhat like the man himself, and his hands found Rodney's shoulders and pulled him close, enveloping him in their strong grasp. Rodney slid his own big hands around Carson's back and stroked the other man's solid shoulders, loving the firm play of the muscles beneath his fingertips. He wondered, idly, when Carson worked out, because his shoulders were much firmer than he'd expected. Then Carson opened his lips and thrust his tongue forcefully inside Rodney's mouth, demanding entrance and taking control, and Rodney opened up eagerly and willingly, and allowed Carson to plunder his mouth with forceful darts of his tongue. Carson pushed him back down on the bed and straddled him, pinning him down beneath him and Rodney's hands came to rest on Carson's ass. He stroked it, hazily, enjoying the feel of it, his cock hardening in his pants as Carson continued to kiss his mouth with a passion that took his breath away. Finally, just when Rodney thought he'd pass out from lack of oxygen, Carson drew back. He looked down on Rodney affectionately, and smoothed his hair gently.

"When I let you up I want you to take your clothes off, Rodney," he told him, in soft but authoritative tones. "In fact, I want you to do just what I tell you from now on – all right?"

Rodney nodded, numbly, and Carson gave him another reassuring kiss on the lips and then moved off him and allowed him up. Rodney undressed quickly and when he turned back to Carson he stopped in his tracks because Carson had undressed too and was standing there stark naked too. He was, Rodney noticed, a very well toned man, with a nice thatch of dark chest hair on his pale skin. His shoulders weren't as broad as his own but he was more solid and compact, and Rodney could see the definition of the hard muscles under the skin.

"I like to use weights. I used to wrestle back in college," Carson told him.

"That would explain why you're so good at that whole pinning me down thing," Rodney commented grumpily. Carson grinned.

"Aye, it would," he replied. "Now come here and let me see you properly." He reached out a hand and fastened it around Rodney's wrist, and then slowly twirled the scientist around. He paused when Rodney was facing away from him and released Rodney's wrist only to cup his buttocks between his hands, and run his thumbs lovingly over them. "Like I said – it would be criminal for an arse like this not to be fucked, Rodney," Carson murmured. He turned Rodney round again and pulled him close, then kissed him on the lips once more. Rodney found the sensation of skin on skin unbearably arousing, as their bodies rubbed close against each other, their cocks throbbing in unison as they touched. Carson's hands slid purposefully down and cupped Rodney's buttocks again as they kissed. Then he guided Rodney down onto the bed, laid down beside him, and took him in his arms once more.

They kissed again and Carson ran his hands expertly over Rodney's body, touching, stroking, teasing and caressing him. Rodney started to whimper with arousal, his cock hard and aching but Carson didn't touch his cock. He did seem to touch Rodney everywhere else though – his fingers were relentless, and when he'd finished kissing Rodney's mouth he began to rove over Rodney's body with his lips, pausing to kiss and lick and suck wherever he found something of interest. Nobody had ever made love to Rodney like this in his life, with such attention to detail, and with such total command of all his senses and he drowned in all the attention Carson was giving his touch-starved body. Finally, once he'd stroked Rodney to the heights of arousal, Carson got off the bed, fished the tube of lubricant out of Rodney's discarded pants, and rubbed some on his fingers. Then he knelt between Rodney's open legs and gently played with his opening. "Relax for me, Rodney," Carson said, as Rodney tensed up upon feeling the cold gel against his anus. Rodney did his best to obey and Carson slipped a finger inside him. It felt cold but it soon warmed up as Carson slid it in, back and forth, and Rodney started to loosen up and enjoy the sensation. "Just go with it, lad," Carson told him, stroking Rodney's thigh with his free hand as he finger fucked him slowly. Rodney lay back, not finding the sensation unpleasant – it certainly didn't hurt. He found himself drifting off pleasantly and was only dimly aware when Carson slipped two fingers into him, and then three.

When he looked up he could see Carson's blue eyes staring down at him intently, and he

wondered how on earth their friendship had come to *this*. Had he missed something important along the way, he wondered? Some special sign that would have alerted him to all this amazing sexual chemistry that had clearly been lying untapped, just waiting to be awakened? He remembered hanging out in the infirmary when he was bored, the many mealtimes he'd shared with the doctor, and all the laughing and the squabbling. He remembered how Carson often took him to task when he said anything too annoying or outrageous, and how he, in return, often teased the doctor for being scared of so many of the things that Rodney took in his stride – like Ancient technology. Now he thought about it, there had always been little glimmers of *this* Carson, which he'd just never noticed before. The man was head of medicine on Atlantis after all, and he commanded a large team who were all utterly devoted to him – so he had to have some pretty good leadership skills. Rodney remembered Carson injecting him with the ATA gene and being just a bit more forceful about it than Rodney thought entirely necessary. The doctor sometimes scolded him as well, even at the same time as he indulged him, and he was the only person in the city that Rodney allowed to do both. So maybe this shouldn't come as such a surprise to him after all.

"Time to move, Rodney," Carson said, breaking into his thoughts.

"Mmm?" Rodney asked hazily.

"Onto your hands and knees," Carson ordered. "I want to take you from behind."

Rodney wasn't sure why that turned him on so much but his already hard cock practically went into a spasm at the thought of it. He rolled awkwardly over and got himself onto all fours. He felt so vulnerable and exposed, kneeling there, ass in the air, the lube cooling on his entrance, reminding him of what was about to happen, that he nearly rolled back over again, but then Carson was behind him, running his hands over Rodney's ass, gentling and soothing him.

"Damn but you look good in this position," Carson told him, and his finger slid inside Rodney again. "Open for me, Rodney," Carson commanded. "Legs wider...relax...that's good, lad." The finger was withdrawn and Rodney knelt there, trembling slightly, as he heard Carson squeeze more lube from the tube and he guessed that he was slathering it onto that thick, meaty cock of his. Then he felt Carson move close, between his legs once more, and he jumped, startled, as he felt the tip of something impossibly wide settle against the entrance to his anus. "Easy, lad!" Carson laughed, stroking his back. "I'm nowhere near you yet." Rodney tried to relax but it wasn't easy, and next thing he knew Carson had got hold of his hips and was slowly pulling his buttocks apart, and then he felt something hard, warm and smooth press against his hole. He willed himself to relax and Carson took a firmer hold on his hips and then surged forward, into him. Rodney let out a startled yelp as the sensation burned him, and he tried to get up, away from the powerful intruder, but Carson had a tight hold on his hips. He slid his arms around Rodney's waist and pushed him back down onto all fours again. "Ssh, it's okay, Rodney. I'm past the muscle and that's the worst of it. Ssh, just settle down, it'll be easier now," he soothed. His arms were warm and comforting around Rodney's body and Rodney willed himself to relax and accept that thick cock into his body. Carson was kissing his back now, still holding him tight, and Rodney was starting to get used

to how it felt to take Carson into him. Just when he felt he was okay with it, Carson moved forward again, pushing deeper into him, making Rodney cry out in alarm. "It's okay...ssh," Carson said, and his hand went under Rodney's body and found his now semi-flaccid cock and took hold of it. Rodney gave a gasp as his arousal returned, and he felt his ass muscles relax around Carson's cock. Carson took advantage of that to give one more push and then he was all the way in, and Rodney could feel his balls flush against his ass.

"Oh god." Rodney put his head back, feeling the sweat starting to trickle down his face.

"Getting used to it?" Carson asked, rocking slightly to loosen Rodney further.

"Yes. No. I don't know," Rodney moaned.

"You look magnificent," Carson told him. "I like seeing you like this, with this bare back in front of me and your head thrown back like that." Rodney felt Carson's warm arms circle him again and then he felt a series of tender, burning kisses being deposited along his upper spine. Carson's cock felt huge inside him, and he was sure he could almost feel it throbbing as it sat there, pressed deep within him, buried into his body up to the hilt. It was a strange sensation – it felt so warm and full, and his ass felt stretched to bursting point, but it also felt intensely satisfying too. Then Carson removed his arms from around Rodney's body and shifted his weight and Rodney cried out as that big cock moved inside him, jarring the stretched ring of anal muscle. "Ssh," Carson said again. "Let me fuck you properly now, Rodney." He slid out a little way and then slowly, gently, slid back in again and he did that a few times until Rodney was used to the sensation and then he moved his hips back much further and slammed back in again with such a powerful thrust that Rodney gasped, tears coming to his eyes as white light exploded in his head. "Did I hit it?" Carson asked. "Did I find your sweet spot, Rodney?"

"Unnnnh," Rodney moaned, beyond a coherent answer as Carson rested his hands on his ass, and angled home several more powerful thrusts, each one of which hit Rodney in some special place deep inside which made fireworks go off throughout his entire body. He had never thought there could be any part of his body that could make him melt with pleasure the way his cock did, but this beat that hands down. The sweet spot, Carson had called it, and Rodney had no idea such sensory ecstasy existed. He abandoned himself to it, throwing back his head once more and practically howling in raw, basic, lustful delight.

Carson rode him relentlessly, that hard cock ramming deep inside him, hitting his sweet spot every time, and Rodney was aware that Carson's hand had slid beneath him and was squeezing his cock in time with each inward thrust and then Rodney felt himself coming, and the orgasm he experienced was stronger and more powerful than any he'd ever had in his life, to the point where he was dimly aware that jacking off in his hand was just never going to be enough for him ever again after this. The post-orgasmic cloud enveloped him in its haze for several long minutes, during which time he was aware that Carson wasn't done and he was still riding him, and then he felt Carson make one, last, powerful thrust deep into his willing body, and he was flooded with something warm, and then Carson had flopped down onto him, his arms cradling Rodney's body, and was resting his head on Rodney's back, panting heavily.

Finally, Carson slid out of him, and pulled Rodney down on the bed so that they were face to face.

"Beautiful," Carson said, stroking Rodney's cheek gently, those blue eyes of his glowing with a curiously loving light. "And for you, Rodney?"

"Mmm," Rodney replied, burying his face in Carson's neck, unable to speak. Carson gave a little chuckle and pulled Rodney close and held him as they both cooled down together.

"You needed that very badly, love," Carson murmured kissing the side of his face. "I knew you'd take to it if you'd only let yourself go. You're wound as tight as a spring – and this is the perfect way of unwinding you and bringing you down. Hand jobs and blow jobs are all very well, Rodney and, trust me, there'll be plenty of them – but I think you need me to fuck you up the arse as regularly as possible to keep you really happy."

Rodney thought that if anyone had said that to him a few weeks ago he would, at the very least, have treated them to some withering sarcasm on the subject, but now he had to admit that he thought Carson might be right. In fact he was beginning to think that Carson had him completely figured out when it came to sex, and perhaps most other things as well.

Carson shifted several minutes later and Rodney gave a little moan of protest which Carson stilled with a firm kiss to his lips, and then he pulled a blanket over them both, pulled Rodney close again, and they both fell fast asleep, wrapped up in each other's arms.

Rodney woke up several hours later to find that he was lying on his side and a lubed finger was sliding in and out of his ass.

"Wha...?" he muttered, coming to and glancing around at his unfamiliar surroundings, startled.

"Ssh, it's okay, love. It'll be time to get up soon and I wanted to give you your morning fuck," Carson told him from behind.

"My morning what?" Rodney asked blearily, dimly aware that Carson now had two cool, lubed fingers inside him.

"I'll be making love to you every night and every morning from now on, Rodney," Carson told him. "You might as well move your stuff in here – I'll want you within easy reach."

"Whoa!" Rodney said, wishing those fingers inside him didn't feel so good. "Moving in? Isn't that a bit fast?"

"Not really. We've pretty much been a couple for the past two years – and now we've started sleeping together," Carson told him.

"How do you figure that out?" Rodney frowned. "The couple bit, not the other bit because that's indisputable seeing as you have your fingers up my ass right now – and also frankly astonishing but we'll have to let that pass because...oh shit..." He felt his cock start to harden as Carson's slipped a third finger inside him.

"Well, whenever there's a party who do you go with?" Carson asked.

"As friends!" Rodney protested.

"Who do you eat your meals with?"

"That doesn't mean anything!"

"Who do you come running to every time you want to moan about something, or when you're bored, or lonely? Who do you pester in the infirmary whenever you're feeling neglected?"

"I thought we were just hanging out," Rodney murmured, although now he thought about it he did have to acknowledge that hanging out with Carson was pretty much his favourite thing in the whole world.

"That's right – and now we'll be hanging out *and* having lots of sex," Carson told him. "That's pretty much the definition of being a couple."

"But...if I move in here everyone will know we're sleeping together!" Rodney protested.

"So? Gay marriage is legal in both your country and mine now, Rodney, so it's hardly a big deal if we decide to live together is it?" Carson pointed out reasonably.

When he put it that way, Rodney had to admit it did make sense. Also, there was the thought that he'd wake up every morning to find Carson doing *this* to him which wasn't a bad thought at all. Last night had been incredible, and he had to admit that he wanted to do it again – and often.

"Move your leg forward for me, Rodney," Carson said, pushing his top leg forward to open him up more. Then Rodney felt that large cock nudge against his entrance again. His body was still stretched from the previous night and although it was a little bit sore going in, it felt damn good once it was there. "Mmm," Carson murmured kissing the side of Rodney's neck. He slid his arms around Rodney's body and took hold of his hardening cock in his hand and began to rub it firmly with his lubed fingers. "Also," Carson added, with a little thrust of his hips that made Rodney's entire body zing with pleasure, "it'll be easier for you if you live here because you're not allowed to masturbate without my permission from now on."

"Oh WHAT?!" Rodney exploded, trying to turn around and then realizing that wasn't possible because Carson was holding him tight and that big, hard cock of his was pressed deep within his body. "No way...no, no, no!" he said firmly.

"How often do you masturbate at the moment, Rodney? I bet it's quite a lot - three times a day maybe?" Carson asked, starting to thrust in earnest now. Rodney tried to remember what the question was. "Well, from now on whenever you feel like it, you come to me. I'll give you all the release you need."

"Unh...um...I mean...why?" Rodney demanded, wishing Carson's hand didn't feel so good on his hard penis, and that Carson's cock wasn't so incredibly powerful moving inside his body, making it hard for him to think clearly enough to have this conversation.

"Because I think you'll enjoy it, and I know I will," Carson told him. "I love the thought of you saving yourself just for me. I'll be keeping you pretty well fucked anyway but if you need more, just come and ask me and I'll take care of it."

Rodney had to admit that being jerked, sucked and fucked by Carson definitely felt better than his own masturbatory efforts, but even so, he didn't like being told he couldn't jerk himself off any more.

"And what if I did jerk off?" he asked, sighing slightly as Carson angled his thrusts deeper.

"Well, if I found out, and I probably would because you're a terrible liar, then I might punish you," Carson suggested, in that reasonable tone of voice that Rodney thought he saved only for his most outrageous pronouncements.

"Well no then!" Rodney replied in an indignant tone. "Why would I agree to that? I don't want to be punished."

"I'm not saying you'd like it," Carson laughed, his breath tickling Rodney's ear. "Not the punishment itself, anyway, but I think you like the idea of me having that kind of power over you, and I think you find the idea of not being able to touch yourself and having to come to me for release really hot. Your cock certainly does." He squeezed Rodney's cock meaningfully and Rodney gave a moan of pleasure.

"Well you can't listen to my cock!" he protested when he'd recovered a little. "It's being jerked off right now – it'd find anything hot when you're touching it like that."

Carson chuckled in his ear. "I'm very sexually dominant, Rodney."

"Oh like I hadn't noticed!"

"And you...you never let your guard down, you never want to give up control, you don't find it easy to trust people...but here you are, with my cock up your arse, loving every second of it. The real you is just longing to let go, to stop having to be so guarded and suspicious and to give everything up to me...it's only fear that's holding you back."

Rodney didn't reply to that because next thing he knew Carson had taken hold of his hips and started to thrust into him in earnest and he was unable to formulate any kind of recognizable speech for the next several minutes, until Carson came deep inside him with a

groan of release. Carson's hand remained on his hard cock but he stopped moving it and Rodney growled in frustration – he'd been so close.

"Want to come, Rodney?" Carson murmured in his ear.

"Yes! Any time today would be nice!"

"How about several times today and every day from now on?" Carson asked, moving his hand gently but firmly along Rodney's straining shaft once more.

"Yes – oh god yes!" Rodney yelled, thrusting into Carson's hand.

"Because you want to give everything up to me, don't you?" Carson asked quietly, his hand inexorably taking Rodney closer and closer to climax.

"Yeeesssss!" Rodney sighed, coming all over Carson's hand. Carson laughed and kissed the back of his sweaty neck, holding him as he recovered from his orgasm. Rodney could still feel the other man's softening cock in his ass and he lay there, completely happy, not wanting to move.

"So..." Carson kissed him again. "Will you be moving in, Rodney?"

Rodney leaned back against Carson's solid chest.

"Yes," he sighed, wondering why he was even trying to argue against something that felt so right.

"And you'll be allowing me to take care of this...?" Carson's hand was still wrapped around his cock and he squeezed slightly, "In future?" Carson asked. Rodney thought about it. There was no denying that he found the idea hot and Carson seemed to have been right about everything else he thought Rodney would enjoy so far.

"Oh all right," he capitulated. Carson pulled out of Rodney's body with a little plop and then turned him around. Rodney was surprised by the look he saw in the other man's eyes – they were very blue and very loving, and they were glittering slightly which made Rodney realize that his agreement meant so much more to Carson than he'd realised. Then Carson pulled him close, and gave him a deep, heartfelt kiss on the lips. Rodney slid his hands around Carson's back and hugged him in return.

Something told him he might very well have made the best decision of his entire life.

Carson helped Rodney move his stuff into his room that very morning – and they had all of fifteen minutes to celebrate their new arrangement before Radek radioed Rodney to let him know that the city had developed a whole new set of technical glitches. Rodney ran between a complete failure of the water processing plants and a total breakdown of all the lighting in the gateroom for the best part of the day.

He was up to his elbows in exposed circuitry when he heard a familiar voice echoing over the city communication system.

"Dr McKay, please report to the infirmary."

Rodney sighed, wondering what new catastrophe was facing him, and he left Radek fixing the gateroom lights and set off for the infirmary, in a very bad mood.

"Well, what's the problem?" he demanded when he got there, glancing around the empty room, expecting to see signs of systems failures and life support machines crashing at the very least. Carson locked the door behind him and then, without saying a word, grabbed Rodney's arm, pushed him down on one of the infirmary beds, spread his legs, opened his pants and began sucking his cock.

Rodney thought about it for a moment, which was one moment longer than his cock needed because it sprang into life gratefully the moment Carson's mouth touched it. There was something so incredibly hot about the way Carson didn't seem to believe in preamble. Not so much as a 'hello, Rodney, shall I blow you?'. Nope, Carson just acted as if Rodney's body was his plaything, to be sucked, fondled and fucked whenever he was in the mood, and Rodney found that far more arousing than he thought he should. Rodney felt his stiff shoulders relaxing, and his hand came to rest on Carson's hair, stroking absently. Really it wasn't fair that Carson should be so good at this. What earthly chance did Rodney stand of ever resisting the incredibly dominant doctor when his body responded so immediately to his slightest touch? Carson brought Rodney expertly to orgasm, swallowed his come, then stood up, licking his lips.

"Off you go, Rodney," he said, smiling.

"What? That's it?" Rodney frowned. "You didn't want me to fix anything? That's all anybody wants me for these days – to fix something that isn't working in this bloody place."

"No, Rodney," Carson grinned. "You're doing such a fantastic job fixing the city that I thought you should get a wee reward for it – and you deserved a bit of a break."

"You're weird," Rodney told him, jumping off the bed, basking in Carson's praise and feeling as if he could tackle the entire world – or, failing that, at least this problematic city they were living in. Carson grabbed his arm and delivered a firm swat with his hand to the seat of Rodney's pants.

"'Thank you' is a more appropriate response after someone has taken the trouble to blow you, Rodney," he said. "Now be off with you, you cheeky little bugger."

"Thank you," Rodney said, grinning inanely although he wasn't entirely sure why. He pressed a kiss to the side of Carson's always stubbly cheek. "You are weird though," he added, and then he made a run for the door before the doctor could react.

Somehow Rodney managed to fix both the gateroom lighting and the water processing

plant really quickly after that, and he decided that his level of genius increased in direct proportion to the amount of Carson-induced orgasms he received.

The doctor was true to his word and sent Rodney to sleep that night and woke him up the following morning by sliding between his buttocks and fucking him within an inch of his life. It was, Rodney thought, a very good way to start the day – even better than freshly brewed coffee, which was something he'd never dreamed he'd think. Carson stopped him on the way out of the door, and handed him the tube of lube. Rodney raised an eyebrow.

"Keep yourself lubed for me, Rodney," Carson told him. "I might want to take you at some point during the day and it'll save time if I can just bend you over and go straight in there."

Rodney gazed at him helplessly, feeling his recently sated cock harden in his pants. He could see himself in his mind's eye, visiting Carson in his office, and being pushed over Carson's desk, his pants stripped down with brisk movements of the doctor's hands, and fucked without mercy there and then by his relentlessly dominant lover. Or, he could imagine Carson dropping by the lab late one night, locking the door and going over to Rodney and pushing him down and fucking him without saying a word to him, and both the images made him quiver.

"Oh god. How do you do that? I'm going to be thinking about that all day now," Rodney grumbled. "You're fiendish, Carson, and evil, and...how on earth do you know that these things are going to turn me on so much? I mean – I didn't know that would turn me on until you said it, so how did you know?"

"Oh..." Carson grinned, leaning forward to deposit a kiss on Rodney's freshly shaven cheek, "I had an inkling."

Their day turned out a little differently to planned though, when one whole area of the city went into an unexplained lockdown, shutting seven botanists in one of the labs and then cutting power to the room completely. Sheppard assembled a rescue team, consisting of Carson, Rodney, Teyla, Ronon and himself and they set off on the laborious task of making their way across a section of the city whose doors and transporters weren't working. It fell to Rodney to get each door they encountered open, and by the time he'd worked open the eleventh one in a row, the novelty was wearing decidedly thin. They finally reached the room where the botanists were, and Rodney examined the last door panel with a frown.

"Oh no," he hissed. "Oh no, no, no." He glanced up, his eyes wide and horrified.

"What is it?" Sheppard asked, leaning over his shoulder to take a look.

"Life support has failed in there," Rodney replied, feeling that familiar sick feeling he always got whenever people were in trouble – especially because this was his fault; if only he'd managed to figure out what was wrong with the city then none of this would be happening, and those people wouldn't be trapped in there with a dwindling oxygen supply.

"Life support?" Carson wrinkled up his forehead. "Why do they need life support? I mean,

it's a bloody city, not a spaceship."

"No, a spaceship is exactly what it is," Rodney snapped, because really, that was obvious. "It's just a spaceship cunningly disguised as a city."

"Ah. Right. The stardrive." Carson nodded. "But still – as we're not in space right now, surely that's not a problem."

Rodney stopped what he was doing and turned to give the doctor a scathing stare.

"Not only is the city a spaceship, but it was also designed to be submerged underwater for centuries at a time, so it has completely seal-tight areas," he explained briskly. "And when it goes into lockdown, like it is right now, each of the main areas of the city becomes an individually sealed unit, and that means that if life support goes offline, anyone trapped inside for any length of time is going to die as soon as the oxygen in there with them runs out. Or maybe they didn't teach you about the importance of a regular supply of oxygen for the human body at voodoo school."

He turned back to the control panel, feeling very vaguely aware that maybe he shouldn't have said that, but he was too absorbed in the current crisis to give it much thought. At least everyone shut up and gave him the space to work and he finally managed to get the door open, flooding the room with air. Sheppard's flashlight immediately highlighted the botanists, lying on the floor, some of them visibly gasping for breath and Rodney's heart thudded guiltily in his chest at the sight. Carson was the first person into the room, clutching his medical bag, and Rodney watched as the doctor checked over his patients, that familiar worried frown creasing his forehead.

"They're all alive," Carson announced. "But we need to get these two back to the infirmary. Dr Howell has bad asthma so she's struggling and Dr Lucey is pregnant so I want to check her over properly and make sure her baby is okay." He knelt down beside Dr Howell and held an oxygen mask over her face.

It was strange, Rodney thought to himself as he watched Carson calm the breathless, panicking botanist with a few soothing words, how incredibly patient and gentle the doctor was; he genuinely seemed to care about people. Rodney wondered what they'd say if they knew how bossy the seemingly mild-mannered doctor could be in the bedroom, but it also made him smile to himself. Carson was a glorious, complex enigma, and if there was one thing that fascinated Rodney it was a puzzle. If he'd been able to push Carson around in private the way he did in their working lives then he doubted their relationship would last very long. Carson kept him on his toes - in fact he kept him endlessly off balance - with his unique combination of dominant sex and loving affection, and there had to be something about that which worked for Rodney because he'd never felt happier in his life.

Carson and Sheppard's team whisked the ailing botanists back to the infirmary while Rodney stayed below, fixing the systems. It took him several hours because he put a failsafe system in place just to be sure the same thing couldn't happen again, anywhere in the city – they had only got there just in time to save the botanists on this occasion and he couldn't bear

the thought that people might die and all because he wasn't able to figure out what the problem was. He worked so late that it was nearly three am by the time he got back to their quarters. Carson was already fast asleep, just a thatch of dark hair visible on the pillow, and Rodney smiled at the sight, then quickly undressed and snuggled under the bedclothes beside him. Carson shifted, muttering something, and then he reached out an arm, hooked it around Rodney's waist, and pulled him close. Usually Rodney knew he'd have laid awake for half the night, worrying about what was wrong with the city, and replaying the moment when they'd found those botanists lying on the floor in the lab endlessly, over and over again in his mind, but Carson's arm was strangely comforting, and he rested his chin on Rodney's shoulder and Rodney relaxed immediately and was fast asleep within five minutes.

Rodney woke several hours later and stared at the wall for a moment. The bed felt cold and empty and he gazed sleepily at the clock; it was gone nine – Carson must have left for work. Still half asleep, Rodney tried to get out of bed, but found he couldn't. Something made a clanging sound whenever he moved, and his arms wouldn't do what he told them to. He came to with a start as he realized that he was handcuffed to the bed.

"Carson!" he yelled. There was no reply. Rodney sat up, as best he could, and managed to move his bound hands enough to turn on the lamp on the nightstand. He was completely alone in the room and he was attached, by a fairly long piece of thin chain, to the head rail of the bed. Around each of his wrists was a slim, metallic cuff, padded on the inside and comfortable enough but still – completely and irrevocably locked. Rodney tugged on them pointlessly for a few minutes but it was clear that they weren't going to budge. He looked around the room again and then saw that his radio had been left on the nightstand, within easy reach. He picked it up, snapped it over his ear, and opened a channel.

"CARSON!" he roared.

"Morning, Rodney," his lover's insanely cheerful voice replied in his ear. "You're awake then?"

"Yes, I'm awake – I'm also tied to the bed!" Rodney complained.

"Ah yes – you looked so peaceful when I got up, and you got in so late that I didn't want to wake you."

"Well that's very kind of you but it doesn't explain why I am CHAINED up!" Rodney growled.

"Ah yes, sorry about that," Carson said, although he didn't sound remotely apologetic to Rodney. "I wanted to get to the infirmary early to check on my patients and I didn't want you waking up and leaving before I got back," he explained.

"You could have...oh I don't know...left me a note, maybe?" Rodney suggested sardonically.

"No way of knowing if you'd have taken any notice of it," Carson said, still sounding ridiculously cheerful but then he wasn't the one chained to the bed right now. "And I really didn't want you going anywhere."

"Why?" Rodney demanded. "What the hell can be so important that you had to chain me up?"

"We have something to take care of," Carson told him mysteriously. "And I did leave you the radio so you could call me."

"I AM calling you and I'm telling you that I am now awake and I'd really like NOT to be handcuffed to the bed."

"I'll be back in about half an hour."

"Half an hour!" Rodney protested. "Supposing I want to use the bathroom?"

"Do you?"

"Well, no...but...."

"Then that's okay. If you don't want to wait then I'm sure you could radio someone else to come and release you," Carson suggested, and Rodney detected a definite note of amusement in his voice. "Colonel Sheppard maybe? Or Zelenka? Might be a bit tricky explaining to them why you're tied up naked in my bed but I'll leave that problem up to you."

"Carson! CARSON?" Rodney yelled, but the radio had gone dead. Rodney threw it back down on the nightstand angrily because there was no way in hell he was going to radio anyone else to get him out of this embarrassing predicament so he'd just have to wait until Carson got back. And what had he meant about them having something to take care of? Maybe he was referring to their morning love making session...Rodney's cock stirred at the thought of that, although he didn't think it justified Carson tying him up and leaving him here. Rodney slammed his head back down on the pillow and considered jerking himself off just to spite Carson, but unfortunately, although the chains had plenty of give in them, they didn't quite stretch *that* far, and Rodney gave up with a resigned growl and closed his eyes, settling in for an enforced doze.

Carson was true to his word and returned exactly thirty minutes later. Rodney opened one eye and glared at him balefully.

"We need to talk about this relationship," he said.

"If you like," Carson smiled pleasantly. "That'll have to be after I spank you though."

"What?!" Rodney sat up so fast that he nearly passed out. "Spank me? Why?"

"I told you what would happen if you referred to my work as voodoo one more time," Carson told him, sitting on the bed beside him. "I don't believe I left you in any doubt at all that I'd spank you, did I? Now, I know you were under a lot of pressure yesterday, love, and I

know you were worried about those poor people, but still, the rules are the rules and you knew what they were so I'll not accept any excuses."

"You are NOT going to spank me!" Rodney protested, wondering why his cock was starting to harden beneath the sheets.

"Of course I am," Carson told him, smiling at him. "I always keep my word, Rodney. I know you wouldn't like it any other way."

"What makes you think that?" Rodney pulled on the chains helplessly, eyeing the doctor nervously.

"Because I know you, love," Carson told him calmly, with an affectionate smile. "Now...have you ever been spanked before?"

"No," Rodney told him firmly. "Definitely not."

"Ah – a spanking virgin," Carson grinned. "Well, I won't go easy on you because this is a lesson you need to learn, but I will take very good care of you, love, and if you're good we'll do something special this evening."

"And if I'm not good?" Rodney asked, wanting to be very clear on what was on offer here, and if there was any way out.

"Well, then I'll have to spank you again this evening I expect," Carson told him. "Now – are you ready?"

"No," Rodney muttered petulantly. Carson smiled at him again, then leaned forward, took his head between his hands, and bestowed a loving kiss on his lips. Rodney moaned and leaned in to meet him, wishing he could resist, but Carson's kisses always made him feel giddy and happy and he didn't have the strength to pull away. After kissing him for a good, long time, Carson finally released him, then fished a key out of his pocket and undid the cuffs. Rodney pulled his hands away resentfully, massaging his wrists, not because they hurt, because they didn't, but just to make Carson feel guilty – which didn't work at all. Carson just grinned at him and got up, then pulled the bedclothes back, letting in a cold draft.

"Up you get, Rodney – and over my knee," Carson said, sitting down on the side of the bed again and pointing at his lap. Rodney considered it for a moment, running through a list of options in his head. He could get up and leave – although Carson was freakishly strong and might just pinion him to the wall again. Or he could try and reason with his lover, although he had to admit that hadn't worked very well so far. Or he could...he could throw himself willingly over Carson's knee and take the spanking – and his cock did seem to be curious about how that might work out, even if Rodney himself thought it was very unlikely it would be a pleasurable event. "Now, Rodney," Carson ordered firmly, rolling up the sleeves on his white coat in a threatening kind of way. Rodney glared at him. The truth was that he got an odd little thrill whenever Carson ordered him to do things, and he didn't want Carson to

stop ordering him to do things, so, finally, with a huge, dramatic, heartfelt sigh, he slid off the bed, and then, rolling his eyes at Carson so his lover knew that he was doing this under sufferance, Rodney arranged himself over Carson's knees. It felt stupid, and awkward, and he was suddenly vividly aware of the fact that Carson was fully dressed and he was butt naked. Carson opened his thighs and rearranged Rodney between them, until he was finally in a position that satisfied him, and then he ran his hand lovingly over Rodney's exposed, upturned bottom. Rodney felt his cock harden in response to the caress, and then Carson closed his legs around it, trapping his penis between them, which only made it harden even more as Carson's pants rubbed against it.

"Mmm. This arse was made to be spanked," Carson commented. Rodney snorted, but not too loudly because he was in a vulnerable position right now, and also, that comment kind of turned him on, which shouldn't be the case, damnit, but was. Carson continued to stroke him for awhile, and Rodney finally started to relax, and then, without warning, Carson delivered a hard slap to his bottom.

"Ow!" Rodney complained.

"Och – that was nothing. I'm just warming up," Carson chuckled.

"Was that supposed to be reassuring? And anyway, how come you are so nice and kind and gentle with your patients and so mean to me?" Rodney asked.

"I'm not mean to you, Rodney, I'm just firm with you," Carson said, peppering Rodney's upturned bottom with several warming spanks. It didn't really hurt that much – in fact it felt quite nice once he got used to the sensation, and he liked the heat that started to spread from his buttocks to his groin. Rodney relaxed again and started rocking ever so slightly between Carson's thighs, stimulating his cock with the motion. He was just getting into a nice rhythm when suddenly everything changed. Carson's hand slapped down in earnest now, delivering several very hard spanks in succession, and now it wasn't just warming, now it actually hurt, and Rodney began wriggling. Carson placed an arm around his waist, immobilizing him, and then went back to the task at hand, delivering several more extremely hard spanks.

"Oh shit...." Rodney gasped, suddenly appreciating Carson's comment from a few days previously about having a very hard hand. "Owww...."

"Stay still, Rodney," Carson ordered, tightening his grip on him.

"It hurts!" Rodney protested.

"It's a punishment, Rodney – it's supposed to hurt," Carson told him. "Another time I'll give you a nice, gentle, erotic spanking that'll have you coming in no time at all, and then you'll appreciate the difference, but for now, well, I told you the rules and you broke them so there has to be consequences."

Rodney squirmed as Carson's hand continued to rain down spanks upon his upturned

bottom. It *did* hurt, but there was also something very delicious about it and he wasn't sure what it was. Maybe the fact that he was in such a vulnerable, helpless position, or maybe the fact that Carson was following through on what he'd said to him about referring to his work as 'voodoo' – there was something about that thought that made Rodney feel...kind of safe. Carson was always true to his word, and always did what he said he'd do, and that was oddly reassuring, even if it did mean he had to take a spanking for it. Or maybe it was the intimacy of the act itself, the warmth of Carson's strong thighs beneath his body, and the way he was holding him still, and the fact that Rodney trusted Carson to do this – he knew there was nobody else in this galaxy or any other that he'd allow to put him over their knee and spank his bare ass like this. The spanking came to an end, and Rodney heaved a sigh of relief. That hadn't been too bad.

"That was just the first part, Rodney. I'm not convinced you've learned your lesson yet so I'm going to use my slipper now," Carson told him, in that cheerful tone of voice he saved for when he was at his most dominant. Rodney felt Carson reach on the floor for his tartan slipper, and he braced himself, and then let out a yell of pain as the hard rubber sole made contact with his upturned behind.

"Ow – Carson!" he complained, wondering how that thin-soled item could pack such a wallop. "Owww!"

"Still not sensing any remorse," Carson said, and the slipper descended with another hard thwack on Rodney's ass. Rodney squealed and put his hands back to deflect the next blow, but Carson just gathered them up effortlessly, held them away from Rodney's bottom, and then delivered several more hard spansks in swift succession. "I do expect you to take your punishments, Rodney," he said. "If you use your hands like that again then I'll spank them too after we're done, but I'd really prefer not to as we need those clever hands of yours to fix the city, and it won't be nice for you to have to work with sore palms."

"Carson!" Rodney wailed, a genuine note of protest in his voice. This had gone beyond a hot fantasy now and was actually starting to feel really serious.

"I'm waiting," Carson said mysteriously, continuing to spank Rodney's bottom hard. He broke off for a second and delivered a couple of spansks to Rodney's thighs, just under his buttocks, and Rodney howled but Carson seemed completely unimpressed by his pleas for mercy and resumed spanking his bottom once more, just as hard as before.

"I'm sorry!" Rodney cried at last, certain he couldn't take any more. "Please! I'm really sorry. I won't ever, ever, ever call your work voodoo, ever again!"

The pace of the spansks slowed, giving Rodney a chance to get his breath back. His ass cheeks felt as if they might be generating enough heat to power a large area of the city, which might not be a bad thing in their current situation, but Carson didn't seem to be finished with him yet. He continued to deliver several more slow, hard spansks to Rodney's upturned ass, and Rodney found himself hanging onto Carson's legs for dear life, panting and gasping for air.

"Or medicine man!" Rodney added, as the spanking didn't seem to be coming to an end. "Or witchdoctor! Or anything else that's derogatory. I promise!" he yelled, as yet another sharp thwack landed on his bottom.

He wasn't even aware that he was sobbing into Carson's pants until suddenly the onslaught stopped, and he felt Carson stroking his bottom gently again.

"There, there...ssh...that was lovely, Rodney," Carson was saying.

"Lovely?" Rodney managed to gasp out, incredulously.

"Oh aye...I knew you'd respond to a good, firm spanking and you did, so well. You struggle and shout but when you finally give in, when you finally give it all up to me...well, it IS lovely, Rodney," Carson told him softly, in a dreamy voice, still stroking Rodney's bottom affectionately. He rubbed Rodney's back with his other hand, murmuring, "ssh love, ssh" all the time, and Rodney realized he was still crying, and felt vaguely embarrassed about it. He took several deep breaths and allowed Carson's gentle caresses to calm him down, and then Carson was tugging at him to help him up, and the doctor pulled him carefully onto his lap, so that his sore bottom was hanging over the edge of Carson's thighs, not touching any surfaces. Carson ran a gentle hand over Rodney's eyes, wiping away the tears, and he was smiling at him all the time, that loving smile that made Rodney feel so good inside.

"That really hurt, Carson," Rodney muttered, feeling very stupid for crying over a spanking, even though, damnit, his ass really was sore!

"I know, love," Carson told him sympathetically. "It did you good though, I think. There are so many ways to unwind you, Rodney – it's nice to know we've found another one."

"I preferred the having hot sex one," Rodney complained. Carson chuckled and Rodney felt suddenly exhausted and yet completely relaxed. He rested his forehead against Carson's and just sat there, enjoying the way Carson was stroking his back.

"You know, what happened yesterday really wasn't your fault, love," Carson told him softly. "You've done your best to fix the city – you didn't know those people would get trapped without air like that."

Rodney hung there, feeling as if his entire soul was on display, leaving him just as exposed and vulnerable as he had been a few minutes ago, ass upturned over Carson's knee. He squeezed his eyes tightly shut, slid his arms around Carson's body and held on tight, and Carson hugged him close and held him there for a long time, just cuddling him.

After several long minutes, Carson shifted, and his hands went to Rodney's hot bottom.

"You know..." he murmured, "I find a freshly spanked arse very sexy, love." Rodney looked at him, feeling his cock respond to the tone of Carson's voice. Carson reached out and retrieved the lube from the nightstand, and then rearranged Rodney on his lap so that he was straddling him, facing him. Carson opened his fly and his big cock sprang out

immediately, hard and pulsing. Carson slicked it with lube and then smiled at Rodney.

"I want you to ride me, love," he said. Rodney swallowed hard. "That way I can hold these beautiful hot buttocks of yours, and suck at your nipples at the same time," Carson said, in a throaty, sexy kind of voice that made Rodney's cock leap in anticipation. He wasn't sure about riding Carson though – it was one thing to be fucked from behind with Carson doing all the work, and another thing to slide down on something that big and hard.

"Come on, Rodney, I'll guide you," Carson said encouragingly, and he took firm hold of Rodney's hips and pulled him into place over his cock. Then he slid his palms under Rodney's burning buttocks, taking them in his hands and Rodney gave a little whimper of pain. However, now that the spanking was over his body seemed to be flooded with endorphins and he felt as if he was floating, high as a kite, and the touch of Carson's fingers on his newly spanked ass enflamed his arousal, making his cock stand to attention. Carson parted Rodney's buttocks, and guided him down onto his lubed cock, and he rocked Rodney's hips up and down on top of him, just nudging his entrance gently, stretching it. Then, finally, he took a firmer hold on Rodney's hips and pulled him down more forcefully, and, much to Rodney's surprise, his ass easily opened to take the large intruder. He found himself sinking down on Carson's beautiful cock, all the way, and ended up sitting in Carson's lap, with all Carson's length deep inside him.

"Oh god!" Rodney cried, because this felt amazing, and Carson grinned at him, and moved his head forward to suck on Rodney's nipples. The dual sensation of Carson's thick cock completely rammed to the hilt in his ass, and Carson's mouth on his nipples made Rodney's penis spasm with need, and Carson took hold of it and slid his hand along it.

"Ride me, love," he ordered, pushing up with his hips, and Rodney did as told, rising up and down on Carson's cock, loving the way it felt inside him, claiming him and filling him completely. Carson rubbed Rodney's cock in time to Rodney's movements up and down, and Rodney felt as if he was floating away on a wave of pleasure. He felt high from the spanking, lost in the fantastic sensations of his own body as he rocked up and down on Carson's lap, and then everything seemed to be enveloped in a blinding white light and Rodney threw back his head and howled out his orgasm as he came, over and over again. He felt Carson convulsing against him at the same time, and then Carson's hands slid around his body holding him as Rodney collapsed in a heap of befuddled exhaustion against Carson's shoulder.

They sat there for a long time, and Rodney was aware of Carson's cock still lodged deep inside his body, and of the heat in his spanked ass, and he felt boneless, sated and very, very happy. If post-spanking sex was always going to be *this* good then Rodney thought he might very well have to ask Carson to spank him more often – although perhaps without the slipper. Finally, Carson helped him off his lap and they took a shower together and afterwards Rodney examined his glowing pink ass in the mirror.

"Beautiful," Carson commented, pausing to fondle it as he passed. Rodney rolled his eyes but he had to admit he did like the way his warm ass looked, even if he was pretty sure he wouldn't feel like sitting down any time soon. Carson was waiting for him by the door by the

time he was shaved and dressed and ready to leave – and he stopped Rodney on the way out for one last kiss and pressed the tube of lube into his hand as well.

"Remember to keep yourself lubed for me, Rodney," he said, one hand sliding around to stroke Rodney's ass through his pants. "Never know when I might want to take you."

"Mmm," Rodney said happily, leaning into another kiss and pocketing the lube.

"And I want you home by seven this evening, Rodney," Carson added. "You were very good during your spanking and I believe I promised you something special."

Rodney spent the entire day alternating between whistling and humming. He fixed every single glitch the city threw at him in record time, and was nice to everybody on his staff, even when Zelenka cut through a power coupling that meant he had to spend two hours lying on his back under a console, his sore ass resting on the extremely hard floor.

He remembered what Carson had said, and rushed out of his lab at five to seven and ran all the way to their quarters. He paused outside the door, his entire body tingling as he wondered what Carson's 'something special' entailed, and then opened it and stepped...into a darkened room.

"Carson?" Rodney looked around, forlornly, squinting in the darkness, but his lover was nowhere to be seen. He tried to turn on the light but nothing happened; Rodney sighed – looked like yet another technical glitch. He was just about to open the control panel and take it apart to find the problem when suddenly he was seized from behind, and pushed bodily against the wall. A solid body kept him pressed there, while a pair of hands slid around his waist and undid his pants.

"Carson?" Rodney whispered.

"Stay quiet for me, Rodney," his lover replied, in a deep, throaty voice. Those firm hands pushed his pants and boxers briskly down his thighs, and then his legs were kicked further apart and he was pinned even more forcefully against the wall. "I'm going to take you, Rodney – but I don't want you to come," Carson told him. "If you come, I'll punish you." Rodney was about to protest about the unfairness of that when Carson kissed his neck from behind, sending shockwaves of excitement coursing through his veins. "Trust me," Carson whispered, and Rodney had to admit that Carson seemed to pretty much know what he was doing where having sex with Rodney was concerned, so he nodded. "Good lad," Carson said, and he took hold of Rodney's hands and placed them against the wall, covering them with his own. He kissed Rodney's neck again, and Rodney shivered, moaning with excitement. This was so hot, being pinned here like this, his pants around his ankles, his bare ass exposed, with Carson's weight pressing him against the wall and Rodney surrendered to it eagerly. He had done as he was told, and kept himself lubed – which was a good thing as it turned out because next thing he knew Carson had seized his buttocks in his hands, making Rodney whimper because they were still very sensitive after his morning spanking, and then he pulled them apart, and next thing he knew Rodney felt Carson's hard cock ramming in all the way home, in one quick movement that made his eyes water.

"Oh god!" Rodney cried, scrabbling on the wall for purchase with his fingers, his body trying to adjust to the sudden intrusion. Carson held his hips and began pounding into him, and Rodney found himself panting from the force of each inward thrust. Carson had never taken him like this before, with such force and power, and it was intoxicating and thrilling and sort of raw and basic too. It made Rodney's cock throb with longing but Carson didn't touch his cock and that just made it throb even more, sending lightening flashes along Rodney's nerve endings. Carson thrust into him hard and fast, and then Rodney felt him convulse and sensed his warm come flooding deep within him. Carson rested his head against Rodney's back for a long time while he calmed down from his orgasm, and then he withdrew, turned Rodney around, pushed his shoulders back against the wall, and kissed him deeply and passionately. Rodney clung to him, helplessly, loving how dominant Carson was being. When Carson finished kissing him, he ordered Rodney to remove his clothes, and then he took hold of his hand and led him over to the bed.

"Come here, love," Carson told him, drawing him down on top of him. Carson was already completely naked, and he opened his thighs and pulled Rodney between them. "I want you to make love to me, Rodney," he said, caressing Rodney's back with his hands. "That's why I didn't want you coming before – I want you to come inside me."

"Inside you?" Rodney wasn't sure why, but somehow it had never occurred to him that Carson would ever want him to fuck him.

"Aye...I want to feel you moving inside me, love," Carson said, and Rodney's already hard cock pulsed at the suggestion, and suddenly Rodney longed to know what it would feel like to be tight inside Carson's warm body. He dipped his head and kissed Carson passionately on the mouth, rubbing his hard cock against Carson's thighs as he did so. "I'm all lubed and ready, love," Carson told him, when the kiss finished. He reached down and guided Rodney's cock between his open thighs, and Rodney parted his buttocks and pushed his cock against Carson's entrance. Then he paused, and looked down on Carson, and the doctor gazed back up at him with an expression of total trust on his face. It was such a beautiful sight that Rodney couldn't stop himself going down for another kiss, before inching his body forwards, and sliding into Carson's anus. It felt amazing – Carson was slick and hot and so tight around his cock that Rodney gasped out loud. He pushed in, all the way, and then just paused, savouring all that heat and amazed by how good it felt. Carson was gazing up at him lovingly, and his hands were stroking Rodney's back. Rodney moved his hips back and began thrusting, just little thrusts at first until he found his pace, but he wanted to find Carson's sweet spot, the way Carson had so unerringly found his, and he shifted slightly and then pushed back in with more force and Carson gave a little cry of pleasure and rose up beneath him so Rodney guessed he'd found it. They never broke eye contact as Rodney slid in and out, faster and faster, loving the feel of Carson's solid body beneath his own, and the expression of love in Carson's eyes. Then Rodney was coming and he cried out, joyfully, and then sank back down on Carson's chest. Carson wrapped his arms around him and kissed his hair. "That was good...that was so good, love," he murmured. It had been good for Rodney too, and he lay there, completely blissed out, his entire body still thrumming with pleasure.

After a little while, Carson gently disengaged and handed him his bathrobe, and then he

went over to the table, and next thing Rodney knew, three candles were flickering, revealing that the table was laid ready for a meal. He was suddenly reminded of what Carson had said a few days previously about being a romantic. This whole evening had been romantic, in a peculiarly Carson kind of way. Nobody had ever made such an effort for Rodney before, or done anything like *this* for him before, and he sat on the edge of the bed, swallowing down a lump in his throat, overcome.

"Hey," Carson said, coming to kneel down in front of him, and resting his hands on Rodney's thighs. "I just wanted to make it special for us," he said. "We've both been so busy since this thing between us began – it felt like we were running ahead of ourselves a little. I wanted some time to eat and talk and just be together as a couple."

Rodney nodded, too fast, feeling unable to reply in case he said something too sappy. Carson stroked Rodney's thighs gently with his hands. "I know you're not used to people loving you, Rodney, but you're going to have to become used to it because it's a fact of your life from now on," he said firmly. Then he leaned forward and kissed Rodney tenderly on the mouth. "Now come on, love – let's sit up at the table," he urged afterwards, getting to his feet. Rodney followed him and they sat down together. Carson opened a bottle of wine and served up some salad and Rodney gazed at him, lost in his own emotions. This wasn't what he had thought it was going to be when it first began. Carson had been taking him by surprise since the very beginning and Rodney was glad about that because he suspected that if Carson had left it up to him, then they'd still be blowing each other in the infirmary or jerking off in the transporters. Carson had given him so much more than that, and he'd never had anyone make him feel so special before.

Carson started talking – about his upbringing in Scotland mainly, and about his mum. Rodney already knew quite a bit about his friend, but Carson was telling him different things now, more intimate things – about how his father had died when he was a child, and how his mum had brought him up alone, and how much he loved and missed her. Rodney found himself opening up in return, telling Carson about his lousy childhood and how his parents were at each other's throats the entire time, to the point of neglecting their two kids.

"I'll take you back to meet my mum one day," Carson promised. "She'd love you."

"Really? Why?" Rodney wrinkled up his forehead, wondering why any mother would find him good enough for their only son, let alone someone like Carson's mother who clearly doted on him. He knew that he lacked social graces, and often said the wrong thing, and that people found him irritating.

"Because *I* do," Carson told him firmly. "And she likes smart people – she's a sharp lady and hates anyone who tries to bullshit her. She never took any nonsense from me when I was a kid, I can tell you."

"Hmm, so that's where you learned all that bossy stuff from," Rodney commented, with a sly grin.

"Aye," Carson chuckled. "I expect it is."

"I'd offer to introduce you to Jeannie, but, well, I really have no idea how that'd go," Rodney said glumly. "With our parents being the way they were, she and I were thrown together a lot. Then when mom and dad died, well, I tried to be a good big brother, but..." He sighed and shrugged.

"I'm sure you took good care of her, love," Carson told him. "It can't have been easy – you were just a lad yourself."

Then finished their meal and sat there, nursing cups of coffee, and then Carson cleared his throat.

"Rodney...now, I know you don't like it when anyone makes suggestions about the problems we've been having with the city, and I know you think I'm not qualified to be much help...but...I've been thinking," he said.

Rodney thought about it for a moment and then shrugged. "Carson, I've been working on this damn city for weeks and it still keeps shutting down, exploding in my face, or just taking itself offline whenever it feels like it so by all means go ahead. I'm all out of ideas."

"Well, I was wondering – does the city have an organic component?" Carson asked, stirring his spoon in his coffee idly.

"What, like, is it alive? No," Rodney said firmly. "I know that it seems that way because of the way it responds to the gene but no, it's not alive."

"Not alive, no, but...now I'm no expert, but aren't there some elements of the city made of organic components?" Carson murmured.

"Everything's made of organic components if it comes right down to it, Carson," Rodney replied.

"I was thinking more of living organic components – it was the lube that gave me the idea," Carson said. "Aren't some of the lubricating components of the city organic; I mean, in the sense that they're a living organism rather than mechanical?"

"Well...kind of," Rodney said, because that was a gross over-simplification.

"Well, this is a long shot I admit – but is it possible they're ill?" Carson asked. "I'm a doctor, so that's where I'm coming from. It's just it seems to me that the city's been saying it can't cope these past few weeks. It wants a rest, and that's why it keeps keeling over right, left and centre."

"You mean...you think the city's caught a cold?" Rodney asked incredulously.

"Something like that," Carson grinned. Rodney thought about it for a moment. It was far-fetched, but, frankly, it was as good an explanation as any – he'd tried just about everything

else so it was worth looking into.

"Let's see," he said, getting up. "I'll take a sample of some of the fluid and bring it to you. You can see if there's any kind of 'infection'."

Carson got up, smiling broadly. "Great. Although...we should probably get dressed first."

An hour or so later, Rodney found himself pacing restlessly around Carson's lab while his lover fiddled around with various slides, placing them under his microscope and gazing at them thoughtfully.

"Well?" Rodney asked impatiently, trying to look over Carson's shoulder.

"Stand back, Rodney," Carson told him. "I can't do my job with you breathing down my neck."

"Oh come on! You've been staring at them for hours now!" Rodney complained.

"It's been about 20 minutes and stand back or I'll put you in the corner, facing the wall," Carson told him firmly. Rodney gave a pained sigh but he did stand back because he'd learned by now that Carson was always true to his word.

Carson put another slide under the microscope and examined it and then returned to the first, and then he stood up and turned to Rodney.

"The city needs an aspirin," he told him solemnly, a grin twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"Oh my god! You were right?!" Rodney grabbed Carson's shoulders and gave him a big kiss. "But...can you fix it?" he asked, sobering up slightly.

"Aye – I need to run some tests and find the right antibiotic to use – maybe modify one with..." Rodney's eyes glazed over as Carson spouted some kind of medical tecnobabble that he had no interest in whatsoever. "...but that shouldn't take more than a few hours and then we can release it into the system and that should do it," Carson beamed.

They worked through the night, and by the time the occupants of the city started stirring the next morning all the systems were back online and working, if not at full capacity then something approaching it.

"It's a miracle," Rodney said, still astounded that it had turned out to be something so simple. "See, I would have thought of that if you hadn't been distracting me with all the hot sex."

He thought it was entirely justified that Carson swatted him firmly on the ass as a result of that comment.

Rodney sat by, feeling secretly proud, as Carson explained to the senior staff a couple of hours later what the problem had been and how they'd fixed it.

"So – the city was ill?" Elizabeth said when he'd finished.

"Well, not ill exactly...that's just the way I tried to describe the problem to Rodney to get him to see what I meant...just there was an infection in an organic part of one of the operating systems."

"Like a virus?" Sheppard said, with a frown.

"Well, no...more like a bacterial infection," Carson explained.

"How on earth did the city catch an infection?" Elizabeth wrinkled up her forehead. "And how can we stop it happening again?"

"We think it might have happened during the big storm last year," Carson said. "A lot of the city's defences were compromised and it's possible some kind of spore blew in and has been slowly replicating itself ever since. Rodney and I are going to do a thorough sweep in the next few days to make sure it can't happen again."

"Wow." Elizabeth sat back in her chair, looking impressed.

"Hah – and what is that you're always saying about Carson and his 'voodoo' science, Rodney?" Sheppard asked in a teasing tone. Rodney winced, his ass aching at the very thought.

"I wouldn't dream of demeaning the doctor's noble profession by calling it any such thing ever, and I mean *ever* again," he said stiffly, although he didn't miss Carson's hastily repressed wide grin, or the twinkle in his eyes.

"Well done, both of you," Elizabeth said, with an approving smile.

"Oh I don't deserve any credit, it was Carson's idea," Rodney said quickly, feeling a surge of pride for his extremely smart and sometimes scary boyfriend.

"Och no - it was a joint effort," Carson said softly, and he shared a smile with Rodney.

They had worked through the night so they wandered back to their quarters, exhausted but feeling very pleased with themselves, got undressed, and flung themselves down on the bed. Carson reached out and pulled Rodney close and they lay there, face to face.

"I'm worn out," Carson said, kissing Rodney. "Good night, love." He closed his eyes and nestled down on the pillow.

"Good night, Carson," Rodney whispered softly. Then he just lay there, gazing at his lover with an expression of wonder on his face that someone this amazing had wanted *him* -

and he was very grateful for Carson's sexually dominant nature because Rodney knew that if Carson hadn't made that first, extremely forceful move on him, he'd never have made a move himself. Carson was still an enigma to him – so gentle and caring with his patients, so unassuming and sweet-natured generally, and so incredibly dominant in the bedroom. He was smart, and strong, and handsome, and incredibly sexy, as well as being romantic and very caring. Rodney felt safe with Carson, in a way he'd never felt in his life before, and it made him feel warm inside. He suddenly realized what he was feeling, and stroked a hand gently along the doctor's thigh.

"Carson, I love you," he whispered, because Carson had said it to him, many times now, but he'd never said it back. "Just, you know...thought you should know."

Carson didn't open his eyes but he pulled Rodney close and held him tight, and Rodney didn't think it was his imagination that the doctor's body was trembling ever so slightly against his own.

"I do, Rodney," he replied. "And I love you too, you silly bugger. Now – get some sleep," he ordered.

Rodney grinned and pressed a kiss against Carson's neck, and Carson reached down and squeezed Rodney's butt and then Rodney closed his eyes and went to sleep because he had learned that when Carson gave an order, it really was wisest to obey.

The End

Friendly feedback adored

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